

Next Week: "Happy Jack of Calgary"

# THE WAR CRY

WILLIAM BOOTH.  
Founder

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CHAS. T. RICH, Lt-Commissioner.



## A Good Load and a Good Road

Whither Have Ye Made a Road To-day? —I. Samuel 27: 10.

## Safe Home at Last

The Engine Driver's Sermon

"MEN," said the engine-driver, "I can't begin to tell you what Jesus has meant to me. Years ago, on every night I would finish my run, I would pull upon the whistle and let out a blast just as we came around the curve, and I would look up at a small hill where stood a little white cottage, and there would be a little old man and a little old woman standing in the doorway. I would lean out of the old cab-window and we would wave at each other, and as my engine would go shooting into a tunnel the old man would stand up and back inside, and the little old woman would say to the little old man, 'Thank God, father, Bennie is safe home to-night.'"

### We Laid Mother Away

"But at last the day came when we took mother out and laid her away, and then each night as I came around the curve and blew the whistle the little old man would be at the door, and I would wave to him, and he would wave to me and then as my train shot through the tunnel he would turn and go slowly back into the cottage, and say, 'Thank God, Bennie is safe home to-night.'"

### We Carried Father Out Too

"But by-and-by the time came when we carried father out too, and now, when I finish my run, although I pull open the whistle and let out a blast, there are no dear ones to welcome me home. But when my work on earth is done, when the last run has been made, and I have pulled the throttle and the whistle for the last time, as I draw near to heaven's gate I know I shall see that same little old couple waiting there for me, and as I go swooping through the gate I will see my dear old mother turn to my dear old father, and hear her say, 'Thank God, father, Bennie is safe home at last.'"

## The Actress and Her Baby

A young married actress was, with her baby, occupying apartments opposite an Army Hall.

Through the open window one evening came the sound of a cornet from the building across the way. Being musically inclined, the young woman lingered to listen to the unseen player.

Strange but true, this simple incident aroused her interest in The Army and in religion for the first time in her life. She began to make inquiries regarding The Army and its ways, which inquiries led to the Officer's wife visiting her and praying with her.

Soon her interest deepened to soul conviction. She prayed for forgiveness, and before leaving the town requested the Officer to dedicate her baby under The Army Flag. This happy event took place to the great joy of the newly-converted mother.

## Inactivity

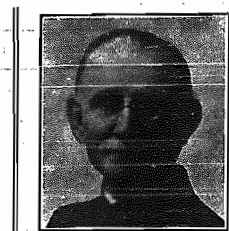
Inactivity will rust the finest instrument of steel, it will discolor the purest gold, it will dim the lustre of the brightest diamond. It will benumb the senses of the human soul.

Work out your own Salvation with fear and trembling.—Phil. 2:12

# A Magic Word

By Enos W. A. Hawley, Calgary

I AM going to put a few common, ordinary, homely words together. They may mean new ideals, new guides along



the pathway of a happy, successful life. They should be of special value to young lives.

Selfishness is perhaps the primary thing that was bequeathed us by the enemy of our souls, the first-fruits of the transgression in Eden. So, in the natural, sinful order, we look after self first, regardless of others. We cater to our bodies, our appetites, our desires, our ambitions. But the more we centre on ourselves, the farther we find ourselves drifting from happiness. That should spell something to us. It means we are on the wrong road.

### That lovely, warm feeling

Conversely, when in more human mood we have done a good turn to a fellow-man, have we not rather wondered why there has crept into our heart that lovely, warm feeling; our pulse beating a little faster, and the world looking quite a bit brighter? Have we ever stopped to analyse those improved feelings? There may be a first class secret hidden very close by, one well worth finding.

Now, there are two ways of serving. We may serve for pay, or we may serve for love. To serve for mere wages is the poorest procedure a beguiled mortal could ever adopt, because it leads right back to straight as an arrow to that elemental thing we wish to avoid—Selfishness. But, on the other hand, when we have taken pride in the work itself, not watching the time clock, but giving full measure from head, hand and heart, we leave our task with a satisfying feeling that we could not exchange for any consideration.

Thus we come to that matchless word—Service. I have been surprised that there is so little on it in the lexicons, or topical helps, especially as there is, or should be, more of it in all of our lives than of any other quality or attribute; and more especially when the Bible is so full of it. Take it from me, it is a word to centre on. Neglect this or that, but not Service.

What is the hard fact? It is this: there is not one solitary soul, man, woman or child, whom we meet or mingle with, but in is real need of something which we can give. I often think that if hearts

displayed bulletin boards, and we could thus readily read the stories of loneliness, want, tragedy, we would be stirred to our very depths. Well, the bulletins are not there in that sense, but often they are there in pinched faces and haggard eyes, though as often as not they are well screened from casual eyes. But they are not hidden from us if we are out to serve.

Sometimes one case may open up for us a continuous opportunity, when again and again we can be of real help. At other times we have only time for a "cheer up" to a passer-by, whom we may never see again. In either case it will be the quality of service, not the quantity. And if it is no more than giving our seat to an aged or crippled fellow passenger on a street car, even such small service will go on through ages bearing interest for us. There's the leader—heavenly investment.

"A tent or a palace—why should I care. They're building a palace for me over there."

How beautiful to feel that when we reach our palace we will have ample funds on which to draw and adequately maintain our regal position.

How can I serve? Don't look for the great opportunities—they may never come. But millions of small ones lie waiting for willing hands to grasp. That sick Comrade—if you cannot call, use the phone or drop a note. To that one down on his luck, slip a dollar bill. That one out of a job, hustle, and get your friends to do the same until he is placed again. A drop of water to the thirsty, a word to the disheartened, a smile to the sad, a hand clasp to the sorrowful. Your own heart will show you where and tell you what to do.

To be practical, centre on serving your fellows. Make it a point to improve each day; wake up with some word or deed of kindness. You will be surprised how soon it will become a habit; and before you know it, you will be skipping along through the days, your face beaming, and your heart pulsing with love.

### As Christ was an example

Again, you may be an example to your fellow Christian, even as Christ Himself was an example to you. We can safely follow Him who pleased not Himself, but who became our fellow-man in sympathy, love and service. And we can be so supremely happy, and show it, that others in the fight who may be listless, will just want to find our secret and not rest till they do.

But there's a great big secret within this secret. Good it is to minister to our fellows; human needs, better far to minister to their souls. That is our highest service. How many of us are satisfied with the number we have lent to the Cross? Ah! Let us go down on our knees. It was for souls He came. Have you guessed the Secret? Service—Service.

For your mirror make a card with this one word thereon:—S-E-R-V-I-C-E.

Wednesday, Exodus 19:16-25—"Moses brought forth the people . . . to meet with God." Before this Moses had always stood between the people and God to make known to them His will; but now the Lord was going to speak to them direct. See what careful arrangements were made that they should realize the majesty and holiness of God and show Him true reverence.

Thursday, Exodus 20:1-21—"I am the Lord thy God." When God is given His rightful place in our hearts it is easy to have right views of our duty both towards Him, and our fellow-men. If we love God supremely (v. 3) it will not be hard for us to keep His commandments. His love within shall enable us to love our neighbors as ourselves and thus fulfil the whole law.

Friday, Exodus 23:20-33—"Mine angel shall go before thee." God promised His personal guidance and

protection to the Israelites on condition that they obeyed His voice and kept from the worship of false gods. Still to-day God's promises depend upon our obedience.

## SAY "AMEN!"

I felt like saying "Amen" out loud, said a Comrade to me one day. But as I delayed, I became afraid, And obedience fled away.

I wanted to say "Amen" to truth Said another when Meeting was o'er; It was left unsaid for his head, And the want to came no more.

Too many "Amen's" are strangled to death. Too many become a lost chord. Sombre silence and gloom fill the heart like

Where once their sweet music was heard.

Just a single "Amen" from an earnest soul, Just a word of encouragement given, May cheer some faint heart, cause fear to depart, And help them to press towards Heaven.

## The Sold Saviour

REGARDING His business from a strictly utilitarian point of view, London gravestone sculptor hung the notice "Sold" over one of his creations, and he was not without certain legitimate feelings of pride. It was a creditable achievement for his head, and he adjusted the card and returned to his dusty office all unconscious of the powerful sermon his simple action was now preaching. For the creation was a figure of Christ, and above His bowed head hung the word "Sold!"

Observant and reverent passers-by shuddered at the incongruous result. It savoured of blasphemy. It also spoke an awful truth, for there are many who have hung that card over that sacred Head.

He was fashioned in their hearts in better days. His spirit prevailing, His peace pervading their lives, but there came a moment when the oldest bargain in the world was offered to them. "Take and eat and be independent of God!" Sell your Saviour for your liberty! And because they thought that the best of the bargain would be theirs if they made the sale, the card was produced and the melancholy transaction was completed, to be swiftly followed by the discovery that the offered "freedom" was an intolerable bondage.

### Men sell God

Men will sell their communion with God for possessions which soon appear ludicrously valueless, and some strange power prevents them from revoking the bad bargain when its worthlessness is discovered. So they wander sadly through life, haunted by a similar remorse to that which Judas knew when his fingers closed upon the blood-money for which he sold his Lord.

It is beyond the understanding of man that the Saviour should be willing to be thus bought and sold. Nothing but Divine love could prompt a return to former possessions when the dishonouring bargain has once been made. That the Saviour will return, many can testify from personal experience. They have hurled the maker of the bargain from their hearts, taken down the card, and rejoiced in a forgiving Lord.

To those whose condition is described by the sculptor's statue and its card, the message of hope comes from the heart of God. While there is life this bargain can be revoked. The sold Saviour can today become the prized and honored Lord.

## Daily Bible Meditations



Sunday, Exodus 18:1-12—"Moses told his father-in-law all that the Lord had done." How much they had to talk about—all God's wonderful dealings with His people both before and since their deliverance from Egypt! As Jethro listened to the glowing testimony of Moses, his heart rejoiced anew in the goodness of the Lord. What about the conversations we have with our friends and visitors? Do they bring

benediction and blessing, or are they harmful or, at least, of little help?

Monday, Exodus 18:13-27—"Thou art not able to perform it thyself alone." The greatest leaders are those who, instead of trying to do all the work themselves, give others a share. Talent needs to be called out, and cannot develop without opportunity. We thank God that in The Army every one can have a place and chance to work.

Tuesday, Exodus 19:1-13—"I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto Myself." When its young are first fledged and learning to fly, the eagle is said to help them by flying under them, so that should they get tired or fearful they can rest on the parent-bird's wings. So, for God's weak children:—

"In life, in death, in dark, in light, All are in God's care; Sound the black abyss, pierce the deep of night, And He is there."

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protection to the Israelites on condition that they obeyed His voice and kept from the worship of false gods. Still to-day God's promises depend upon our obedience.

"My gracious Lord, I own Thy right To every service I can pay, And call it my supreme delight To hear Thy dictates, and obey."

Saturday, Exodus 24:1-18—"The sight of the glory of the Lord was like devouring fire." To the Israelites the manifestation of God's glory was like fire, and it filled them with awe. But Moses inside the cloud was talking to God and learning His wishes and commands for the people. Through One greater than Moses we can ourselves enter to-day into God's holy presence and worship and talk with Him. Let us value the privilege and take full advantage of it.

# From Canada to Java

## God and The Army all the Way

By Captain Wm. J. Mephram

THE journey from our Homeland to the land of our adoption has been very interesting. The changing scenery and the new places and peoples, all added to the charm of the journey; to say nothing of the warm, comradely meetings with the dear old Army at several places.

First, the scenery. As we left Winnipeg the vegetation was losing its color, and all around mother Nature was putting off her summer garments. Fields were yellow to harvest; wooded places were losing their foliage. But in the fading life it spoke of new life, old things passing away, and all things becoming new in their season. This dying nature seemed even more beautiful than in her springtime splendor.

### Beauty is God's Will

Everyone loves beauty, especially those whom God has touched, and beauty was ever in His plan to brighten men's lives. Nature, because of being in harmony with God's will, seems to strive throughout all her life to be beautiful, and even more so in helping God to make happy His masterpiece—man.

Can we learn a lesson? "If God so clothe the grass of the field which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you," Matt. 6:30. What for? That beautiful, Christlike lives may have the proper place in bringing gladness and happiness into the lives of others.

How will He clothe us? By just being earth, or clay, or a seed in His hands so that He may make us just the kind of beauty in His world that pleases Him. Did not Jesus have a fragrant life? Fragrant as it was, was not the flower of His Passion and Crucifixion the most beautiful and fragrant of all.

So with the dying vegetation, and the beauties which its dying disclosed, if we live in harmony with God's Divine will we also shall have lives that are a

The many comrades of Captain and Mrs. Mephram will be interested to know they have been appointed to The Army's Leper Colony at Pelantoogan, Java.

The following delightful article by the Captain is, we hope, only the first we shall receive from him.—Ed.

blessing to the world, and the closing years of our lives shall be even more glorious and beautiful to His praise.

Coming to the East, and to Java, we leave the introduction to winter, nature's temporary death, and come to a land of eternal summer. Everything seems always green. But even here, I imagine, we shall see the resurrection glory.

### The Same Army

And it's the same Army all the world over! We were met on arrival at Yokohama, by Captain Frost, who took us via an electric train to the Army Headquarters in Tokio. There we were received by the Headquarters Staff, and

Lt.-Colonel Pugmire who welcomed us heartily, and enquired after the welfare of his Comrades in Canada West. We were also entertained by Ensign and Mrs. Newman; old Winnipeg Comrades.

While walking along a street in Tokyo, a laboring man, tugging his loaded cart to his place of work, stepped to our side, and shouted to us the good old Army word, Hallelujah. On enquiry, we found him to be a Soldier of one of the Tokyo Corps. After an interesting day in that wonderful city, we returned to our boat at Yokohama, and "Losing thence we sailed to" Kobe. Here we were met by three Japanese sisters, and again we used the

international code-words "Hallelujah, and God bless you!" and understanding ensued.

Nagasaki was our last port before reaching Shanghai, where Staff-Captain Ludbrook met us, and took us to our Naval and Military Home. It was still the same Army. Comradeship was very noticeable here. We enjoyed an entertainment given for the Corps, and were given a hearty send-off on our way to Hong Kong.

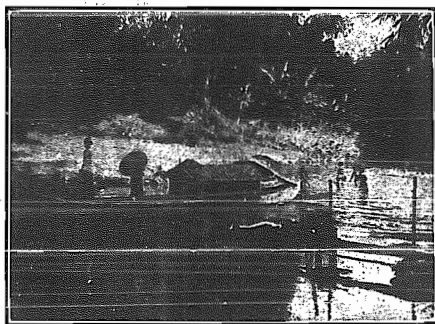
The next stage was from Hong Kong to Singapore, the latter about fifty miles from the equator. Here, on our final boat, a party of six Officers from Holland met us. They also were bound for Java, and again The Army.

### Our White Uniforms

At last we docked at Tandjong Priok, where we were met by Adjutant Schulz, of the Territorial Headquarters, Mrs. Ensign Midbo of the Naval and Military Home, and Captain Rosendal of the Chinese Corps, Batavia. These Comrades escorted us to the S.A. Military Home in Batavia, where we had dinner, prior to being rushed off to the train for Bandoeng, the Territorial Capital, a journey of four and a half hours by express. Arrived at Bandoeng we hastily partook of a light lunch, quickly changed into our white uniforms and were off to the great Welcome Meeting of the Annual Congress, this on Saturday night. We were welcomed in Dutch, and also very warmly in English by the Territorial Commander, Lt.-Commissioner Palstra.

We were adopted, dedicated and received our appointment almost all at once. Throughout the Congress the Fire raged, and spiritually, the temperature was tropical.

Look out for further reports from this part of The Army world. Canada West is represented in many lands now. Pray for us.



A Scene in beautiful Java

# A HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR A ROGUE

A Chinese Bully, Fighter, Wife-beater and Rogue, Sun Feng-ch'i was Surprised when a Salvationist Dealer in Precious Metals Offered Him a Hundred Dollars Capital and Invited Him to Share in the Business

SUN FENG-CHI was the terror of his district. His name was infamous far and wide. He was just the sort of man who made fighting a hobby; whenever there was a melee in the streets it could safely be concluded that Sun was in the centre of it, whether the matter concerned him or not. So aggressive was he that hands and feet and teeth were not weapons enough to keep him constantly engaged, and when there was no occasion for physical fighting he joined those of his neighbors who had become enmeshed in the net of the law.

Every one pitied the poor little woman who had the misfortune to be the wife of such a bully. For no cause at all her husband would beat her and kick her until she knelt at his feet and begged him to forgive her, although she was unconscious of having committed wrong and was unaware of the cause of his anger.

### The Village Terror

No one who knew Sun Feng-ch'i would deny that there was need of a great transformation in the life of the village terror, but few who knew him would believe in the possibility of such a change taking place. Yet there was one man who secretly cherished such a belief, and who courageously planned the change.

This man, Wei, was a buyer of gold and silver, who conducted a very profitable business in the locality. He

had been converted in The Army and was now an active Soldier. Longing for an opportunity for service, his mind turned to the brute whom other men feared or despised, the man who could fight twenty at a time, the beast who could thrash a frail little wife, the ill-famed Sun Feng-ch'i.

### Capturing Such a Monster

Convinced of the possibility and desirability of capturing such a monster, Wei set to work to devise ways and means and eventually decided to invite the man to become a partner in business with him. It would provide Sun with an opportunity to earn an honest living if he chose, he thought, and would open the door for Wei to make his soul-seeking attacks.

Sun Feng-ch'i bearded his brows and cast a surly glance at the gold and silver dealer when the project was mooted. Suddenly his brow cleared, an avaricious gleam flashed from his eyes, and he paused to speak to the man who evidently did not want to fight. There stood the dealer with a hundred dollars in his hand extended towards Sun, and saying, in a carefree manner:

"I would like you to become my partner in business. Here is some capital for you to begin with; you can square that as soon as you get on your feet."

Sun could scarcely believe his eyes. The look of greed gave place to an

expression of blank amazement, and even Sun Feng-ch'i, the man who would stop at nothing, could not rob one so simple and trusting.

"You evidently don't know my reputation," he ventured. Still Wei insisted that he needed help in the business and would be glad to have Sun Feng-ch'i as his helper. So the partnership commenced. Neighbors held up their hands in horror, blinked their half-closed eyes, and sighed when the strange pair became known. Poor Wei would soon receive a rude awakening, they said. His capital would go and any hint that he might give about its return was bound to be followed by violence. That fellow Sun was a rogue who would go all lengths for his own gain.

### What Does it Mean?

One evening Sun and Wei were sitting in a little country inn. Others were drinking, but the two dealers sat apart.

"How would you like to be converted?" asked Wei, as if he had just remembered something.

"Converted?—what does it mean?" asked Sun in surprise. And then Wei stepped into the open door of opportunity and explained the plan of Salvation.

Sun was more troubled than he cared to show, and that evening, in the country inn, marked the end of

his old indifference. Upon their return to their home-town Sun went to The Army Meetings, first at one Corps and then at another. At each Iliad he heard the same story. The Salvationists delivered the same message in the open air. Perhaps it was true.

### Knelt at the Penitent-Form

One night the news went round that Sun Feng-ch'i, the rogue, had knelt at The Army Penitent-Form. Again the neighbors looked incredulous. This time they wondered how long it would last, or whether this was a practical joke. But they have long since discovered the truth, for Sun Feng-ch'i is the honored Color-Sergeant of the Tien-tsin S.W. Corps, and while he still retains a fighting spirit, he now fights only for God and souls. Wet or fine, cold or hot, the Color-Sergeant is never missing from his post. His home is a little heaven, his wife is saved and happy, his Sundays are spent in God's work. Instead of being the terror of the district he is the beloved leader of a Company of boys who gather each week to receive instruction at his hands.

To risk a hundred dollars for the conversion of a rogue may seem commercially unsound, but Wei has never regretted his effort.

# The Conversation in the Prayer-Meeting

A Dialogue that Resulted in a Soul's Salvation and an Entrance into a Life of Usefulness



THEY sat on the seat behind me and talked. The conversation was audible, for it was the Meeting after the Meeting, when somebody was praying for forgiveness at the Penitent-Form. Various persons in uniform of jersey and bonnet were speaking to other persons in ordinary garb about life, souls, death, and eternity, and the rest of the congregation was proceeding unhindered with prayers, hymns, and testimonies of experience in calm, ordered unity.

The Salvation Army has an axiom that "personal dealing," conversation directed to the individual's view, condition, and need of salvation for his or her soul through the merits and power of Jesus Christ, must be part of its every public Meeting.

It is such a narrow life

There was no confusion, but whispered conversation could be clear to one in the immediate vicinity.

"It's such a narrow life," said a voice. "Why?" asked another. "What makes you say that?"

"Oh, everything. You say all that makes for pleasure and fun must stop."

"That depends on what you think pleasure and fun. If you get saved your sight will change. Now you just see with the eyes of your senses. Then you will see with the eyes of soul and mind. Where is your pleasure if you are ill, injured, in great trouble, or have to die? The theatre, novels, dances, dress, flirting, and so on, don't lead anywhere except to dissatisfaction. Are you never dissatisfied?"

"Hell?" said the man on the corner of the street, "who believes in Hell? My dear fellow, it's an obsolete doctrine, a shibboleth of the Middle Ages out of which the human race has grown!"

"I won't argue, sir," replied the lad, who wore an Army jersey. "Perhaps you'll believe in the existence of Hell before you now think it possible. Good day, sir, God bless you!"

The man on the corner of the street laughed merrily and turned homeward, enjoying the evening sunshine.

Not long after, for some reason, he could not sleep. Half an hour after getting into bed he got out again and switched on the light. It was 11.45. He went back to bed, turned over impatiently, and felt a wave of irritability pass over him. This was an absurd state of affairs! What could be the matter?

As though forced out of its normal speed, the blood began to pour heavily through the sleepless man's head. Fragments of memory began to jump before his eyes. He could hear again his harsh words to his child when she had asked him to play with her that evening. A picture of her tear-stained face as she sat, white and silent in the corner, came vividly before him.

Tears! What was the matter with him? It was twenty years ago that he had told that girl that he was tired of her and would never see her again, and here was a picture of her standing in the lane, by the old stile, with her rosy cheeks blanching in the golden evening light and

and it does me good."

"But how can we be cheerful if we have no pleasures?"

"That's just what puzzles me."

"I'll tell you. We don't seek worldly things. This world as it is, is full of the results of sin. Sin can cover over its ugliness with an appearance of beauty, but close underneath are pain and trouble and death. At first in everybody's life the world offers pleasure—nearly always as the reward of doing wrong. The more anybody tries to serve and grasp the pleasures of the world the more disillusioned he becomes. The young sinner is a pitiful sight, but one grown old in the service of self and the world is terrible. The worldling who seems happiest is not happy—does not know true happiness or content."

"That's nonsense. I have been very happy at times."

"With no regrets?"

"Oh, well, I wouldn't say that! But I couldn't be happy in an Army bonnet and a shapless dress of that everlasting blue serge."

**Uniform Cannot Give Happiness**

"You are not asked to wear them. The uniform cannot give happiness. If you were to try to wear it without wanting to do so it would make you wretched. What I want to speak to you about, what the Army is concerned about, is your soul."

"And what are you doing with your life? Why do you suppose you were sent

into the world? To just get through the days and years till your death, with as little bother and as much amusement as possible? What are you living for every day? Money? It can't buy love, health, true friends, or happiness. Ambition? Whatever ambition you have in the world it will not satisfy you. Amusement? If you spend all your time seeking distraction you end by being feeble-minded. Do you know why God gave you life?"

"Why?"

"You are so cheerful,

"I don't know."

"The Bible says to serve Him and give Him honor and glory."

"Yes. But it does all sound so stuffy and dull."

"Yes. As fresh air makes the sick shiver and pure water is a horrible drink to the gluttonous and drunken. You think you are happy and healthy, finely dressed and sound-minded, and cannot see that in reality you are sad and diseased, ragged and full of delusions. Your body and senses are 'you' to you. Your soul is a poor, starved, shrivelled thing, shut away by you from God, who alone is it life, and health, and salvation."

**Hard and Impertinent**

"You are very hard and rather impertinent."

"Oh," said the second voice, sorrowfully, "it is the hardness and rudeness of the rescuer who would pull the blind or careless from danger and death!"

"I think I won't decide tonight, thank you."

"Oh, do! It will be the right decision tonight. You will never be sorry for doing so. It will save you so much sorrow; give you so much joy. Indeed, though at the moment the devil leads you to the truth, 'there is pleasure in God's service more than all.' I have found it so."

"I want to ask you; are you happy in that bonnet?"

"Very, thank you. My life for many years as an Officer in the Army has held more happiness than once I thought possible."

"Now, what pay does an Officer get?"

"I get ——" (A small sum weekly was named.)

"Why, it's ridiculous!"

"To be happy on so little?"

"What do you do?"

"Work for God. Go anywhere we are sent. Do what we are told. Arrange all the items of our lives to do God's work in the best way. When you are converted, and God calls you to Army Officership, you will learn to be an atom among the atoms of the poorest. All that is weak, oppressed, sinful, sick, friendless, destitute will belong to you. You will live in slums or working people's streets in the same way, and you will be their servant in their every need. You will not go to theatre or dance, dinner or entertainment; each day will be full of work, and you will be the happiest of the happy, your heart a spring of gladness, you will love your bonnet and blue serge, and love the dirty, degraded, or weary toilers for whom you live; yes, love them with a love second only to your love for Jesus Christ!"

There was the sound of a sob as the first voice said: "Oh, don't say any more!"

**Blooming Always**

"No, I will not. Just sit and think of your life as it will be when you yield to God—of its peace and growth, how all the gifts and talents you do not use now will spring up and be increased, how you will be blessed and bless others, and that a never-ending future of bliss stretches before you. Death has no sting. Our Lord bought more for us when he conquered sin and death than deep peace in our earthly lives, lovely as that is. There is a life of the soul which grows and strengthens, glorifying life here, but blooming always towards the life to come."

A longer pause. There was a stirring in the seat behind me, a rustle of a woman's dress. I bowed my head as two figures passed over the uncarpeted aisle to the Penitent-Form.

## Hell! Who Believes in Hell?

the tears suddenly gushing from her eyes.

Those eyes! Those horror-stricken, accusing eyes. He turned over savagely and jumped like a fool when the bed creaked. Then silence. What was that? Only the personal breathing of his sleeping wife. What right had she to sleep while he tossed like this? He clenched his fist and muttered miserably as he realized his panic.

He would compose his mind. How still was the night! What was that song they used to sing:

"Off in the stilly night."

He could hear his mother's thin, aged voice piping out and, drowning her notes, his own scornful laughter.

She had died soon after, with her lips trembling as she died, because her son had been unkind and thoughtless to the last. He would go mad soon. Why couldn't he sleep?

What were the last test match scores?

He'd think of something worth while until he dropped off.

Australia—What was that? Footsteps—Left, right, left, slow as a funeral. It was the policeman, of course. What must it be like to pace up and down like that in the street outside? Up and down, up and down. That's how he was, up in the air or down and down, down, grovelling in the filth the next. A pretty, grovelling sort of existence it was. Folk thought he looked mighty fine in his smart-cut suits. If they only knew the meanness and miserableness of the man!

His wife knew a good deal of it. She used to answer back when he snapped her up, but now she only sighed. He was wearing her down, grinding the spirit out of her if he'd be honest and admit the truth.

Truth? His mind jumped again, the

blood pounding more wildly than ever through his brain.

Truth—and Justice. Justice—and Truth—Justice—and Truth—God!

When did that idea come from? "A holder of the balances," "Whoso grudgeth down the spirit of his wife by signs and wonders of calous-ty."

"O Hell!" He jumped out of bed with a snarl and switched on the light. It was five minutes to twelve.

As he stared incredulously at the clock, the perspiration pouring from him, he heard a voice saying very pleasantly, but very earnestly,

"I won't argue. Perhaps you'll believe in the existence of Hell before you now believe it possible."

He sat down weakly on the edge of the bed. No sound was there but the gentle breathing of his wife. He suddenly shivered and felt pinched up with cold, and insufferably small and lonely.

"A nightmare," he muttered, but he knew it was a lie. He had not slept that night, nor did he dare to turn out the light again, for before him he saw a yawning gulf, black and restless as the sea at moonless midnight and in that moment he knew that never again would he dare to mock at the possibility of Hell. Ten minutes of insomnia and his own memory could hold more terrors than fire and brimstone.—International "War Cry"

## The Devil's Wages

BECAUSE thou servest not the Lord thy God with joyfulness, and gladness of heart, for the abundance of all things; therefore shalt thou serve thine enemies which the Lord shall send against thee, in hunger, in nakedness, and in want of all things; and He shall put a yoke of iron upon thy neck, until He hath destroyed thee. Deut. 28:48.



# THE ARMY AND IMMIGRATION

## RELATIONSHIPS WITH THE GOVERNMENT—OUR PLANS FOR THE FUTURE

(INTERVIEW WITH COMMISSIONER LAMB—SPECIAL TO THE CANADA WEST "WAR CRY")

COMMISSIONER LAMB left for England a few days ago, after several weeks spent in Canada on Army Immigration business, and Empire settlement schemes. Naturally, we much regret that Winnipeg and the West were not included in his visitation.



but during his days in Ottawa he met the Premiers and other delegates to the Federal Provincial Conference and was thereby enabled to strengthen the Army's arrangement with several of the Provinces. The Commissioner was received at Rideau Hall by His Excellency the Governor-General, and also had an encouraging interview with the Prime Minister, Mr. Mackenzie King. The Editor realizes there is a widespread interest in Army Immigration matters out West and in response to a request from ourselves, the Commissioner agreed to be interviewed on the subject. The striking statement and very practical suggestions which were then made are set forth hereunder. We feel sure that all broad-minded citizens, and especially Salvationists, will give close attention to these timely proposals.

"From my own observations and from reports reaching me," said the Commissioner, "I am impressed by the widespread and probably well-founded buoyancy in Canada. It reminds me of pre-war days. Who is going to take advantage of this? Will our statesmen here and at home, seize the opportunity of attracting and finding a flow of desirable settlers?"

### Great Results With Boys

"Nothing has given me greater satisfaction on this trip than the results I find we are getting in our Boy's Work, and yet I ought not to be surprised, when I look at the organization we have at our disposal."

"Would you be good enough, Commissioner, to tell us exactly how The Army's plan works?"

"Here is how it works. Our selecting and training capacity in the Old Country is approximately 1000 boys per annum, and more than half come to Canada. From over 20,000 applications, twelve to fifteen hundred boys are accepted and come to our farms at Hadleigh—in Essex, on the north bank of the Thames about 40 miles down from London. The training and testing processes eliminate twelve to fifteen per cent, and we then have the 'finished article'—approved by the Government as ready for emigration."

"In 1926 we received in Canada 523 of these boys. At the end of this year—

on the average about 18 months after the boys' arrival—what do I find? six have been deported; seventeen on account of sickness and for family reasons have returned home with our concurrence and help. Of the 500 remaining 90 per cent are to be found still at work on farms—although (if I may use an Irishism) several of them have gone home (with return tickets) for Christmas!"

"Not too bad—rather encouraging, perhaps—when there is much heart-searching as to the movement from country to the cities, and about immigration to and emigration from Canada."

### Relationships with the Government

"Have you composed your differences with the Government at Ottawa? Do you feel there is any improvement in the recent position?"

"Yes—on the one point of high importance, the moral issue. The Government last year refused to recognize our right to require these young fellows to repay some part of the costs The Army had incurred in connection with their transportation, and imposed conditions quite unacceptable to us. One result has been a considerably reduced movement to Canada in the past year."

"The Army view has prevailed. An amount and a period of repayment have now been agreed upon. The British Government was the first to accept our scheme, and they used their good offices at Ottawa to bring about the results I have just mentioned."

"Were there no other issues or difficulties which came under discussion and which you feel free to mention?"

"Oh, yes, there was the money question. For instance, the Government's decision to discontinue their grants towards the maintenance of the chain of Hostels for the reception of new-comers, which The Army has set up in different parts of the Dominion, has embarrassed us considerably."

"The General is devising special plans for meeting this liability and to help us in the cost of training boys for this country, but there will most certainly be a heavy financial burden left for The Army to bear, although our agreements with the British Government, of course, bring them in as contributors on a fifty-fifty basis."

"We now have 100 boys in training at our Hadleigh (England) farms for early sailing in the New Year."

### British Women

"Anything else, Commissioner? What about women, for instance?"

"Yes, women. And here let me just say this, that if we had had in the past year the facilities which the Government circular of Nov. 14th appears to give us, we could have brought into the Dominion hundreds of fine, healthy, selected British women—without paid experience, it is true, but domesticated and able to do plain cooking and general housework and ready to engage in household services here."

"The new procedure outlined for this side impresses me as a little cumbersome, and the medical service being organized on the other side will, I fear, not facilitate the movements of immigrants. But I have promised the Minister, Mr. Forke, we shall do our best to make it effective. We are already at work on both sides of the Atlantic organizing a party of women to leave Liverpool for Western Canada on the 10th of February, and another party for the Eastern Provinces two weeks later."

### Two Practical Suggestions

"Have you made any suggestions to the Dominion Government with a view to encourage British Immigration?"

"Yes—two. One is at hand and ready for immediate application; the other requires thought, vision and courage, but is fraught with the greatest possibilities. The one at hand is an extension of the 'nominated' passage system, along the lines which the Governments of Australia and New Zealand have found most useful. Many good Britishers cannot come to Canada because of the cost, and reduced passages are only granted to men going to work on the land. My suggestion is that reduced passages might well be granted to any approved persons for whom work is assured in Canada and who can get some established person or organization in the Dominion to stand bond for them for a year or two. It would of course, be controlled by the Canadian Government, who would see that there was no dumping or flooding of the labor market."

"I know the British Government is ready to contribute one-half of the cost of such an arrangement."

### No Politics

"The other and larger scheme is—to lift Empire Migration and Settlement out of politics. The long view in this work is essential, and this can best be secured by a continuity of policy only possible by a permanent non-political Commission, composed of a few of the best men of the country giving their whole time and attention to the business. It is, in my judgment, a matter quite outside the scope of the existing Department."

"Thanks very much, Commissioner. And about yourself: how's everything?"

"Well, I'm glad to say I'm in good spirits spiritually and physically. It is only reasonable to suppose that some strenuous days and nights 'take it out of one,' but I'm hopeful, yes, more than hopeful about the future—the future for The Army, and that, with me, necessarily implies for myself also. I am looking forward to being home again, to seeing Mrs. Lamb—thanks, I'll tell her—(This in acknowledgment of our greetings) and all the folks over there, and keen on getting back to I.H.Q. to lay before The General further plans for the advancement of God's Kingdom on Earth as we see it in The Army."

And here the Commissioner turned

to his loyal henchman, Staff-Captain Culshaw, with a suggestion that "he should turn this man out," but the said Culshaw being favorably disposed to ourselves, smiled and went on with his typing, while the Commissioner proceeded to give his attention to some fresh papers which Lt.-Col. Tudge now laid before him, and with that hint we did "get."

### "Doing The Army" at Kenora

(Reprinted from "The Kenora Examiner")

MANY stories of intense human interest could be written on the work that the Kenora branch of The Salvation Army is quietly carrying on from day to day. Into the little tragedies of human experience that come under their attention, renewed hope and courage are instilled, and with new faith in their hearts broken lives are given a fresh impetus along the road to happiness.

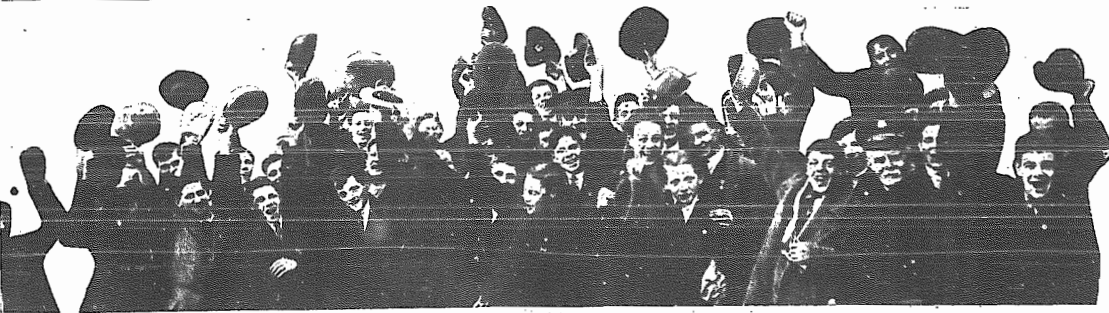
At the close of the regular Meeting in their Hall on South Main street last Sunday evening, the customary invitation to lonely souls was extended by the Officer in charge. Among those who responded was a young man of twenty-four, who unfolded a sad story of unhappiness in his domestic affairs. Following a quarrel with his young wife over financial difficulties, he had left home and had been working in various localities. Now, feeling lonely and remorseful, he was on his way back, ready to begin over again. In an aimless way he had casually dropped into the Meeting and had been deeply moved by the message that he had heard.

He admitted that he lacked the necessary amount to take him to Winnipeg, where his wife was. Like all charitable people, The Army has to be on guard against insincere appeals to its generosity; but with that sixth sense that is born of sympathy and long experience, the Officers divined that this was a case deserving of assistance, and lent the necessary amount.

Now they can enjoy the blessedness promised to those who give, for the young man has written to tell of the happy re-union with his wife, his success in securing work, and his firm intention to return the money lent at the earliest opportunity in the interest of some other wanderer as unfortunate as he was.

### CHANGE OF ADDRESS IMPORTANT

Staff - Captain Sidney Weeks announces that the Winnipeg District Office of The Army Immigration Services is now situated at 241 Balmoral Street, and all communications should be addressed accordingly.



Enthusiastic British boys en route for Canada.

## THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in  
Canada West and Alaska  
Founder ..... William Booth  
General ..... Bramwell Booth

International Headquarters  
London, England  
Territorial Commander,  
Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,  
317-319 Carlton St.,  
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be ad-  
dressed to The Editor, Lt.-Colonel Joy.  
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of The  
War Cry (including the Special Easter  
and Christmas issues) will be mailed to any address  
in Canada for twelve months for the sum of  
\$2.50 prepaid. Address The Publications Sec-  
retary, 317-319 Carlton Street, Winnipeg.

Printed for the Salvation Army in Canada  
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## Official Gazette

### PROMOTED TO GLORY—

Colonel Thomas Coombs, out of  
Bradford, Ont., May 5th 1886—promoted  
to Glory from Vancouver, December  
9th, 1927.

### APPOINTMENTS—

(By Authority of the General)  
Major Hector Habkirk, Assistant  
Men's Social District Officer, Winnipeg.  
Captain George Cormack, from Fort  
Rourke Corps, Cashier, Winnipeg Men's  
Social District Office.

CHAS. T. RICH,  
Lt.-Commissioner.

## The GENERAL'S Journal

New Series to Start in "The War Cry"  
NO more welcome or attractive feature  
for the New Year could perhaps be  
announced than the start of a new series  
of the General's Journal.

In coöperation with what has been practi-  
cally a world-wide and insistent request  
for more of these deeply interesting and  
strikingly helpful personal records which  
for some six years (1921-26) appeared  
with more or less regularity in our  
columns week by week, the General is  
again admitting readers to the privilege  
of his friendship counsel, and most  
intimate thoughts and doings.

This privilege we are sure they, with  
us, know how to appreciate, and we would  
suggest that a practical way by which to  
show gratitude would be to make known  
the fact of the Journal's reappearance  
with a view to passing on a "good thing."  
Further satisfaction will be afforded  
by the intimation that a second volume  
of Journal extracts is almost ready for  
the press. Therefore it is in a double sense  
that we bid our "Cry" constituents—  
Look out!

## Commissioner Kitching

WE greatly regret to learn of the  
serious illness of this valued and  
well known Officer—the Editor-in-Chief  
of The Army's International publications.  
There are many Officers and Soldiers in  
this Territory who have affectionate  
remembrances of the Commissioner, and  
we—and others—will unite in prayer for  
his early and thorough recovery.

## Apologies to the General

One of the most interesting incidents of  
the General's recent Campaign in Liver-  
pool was the apology made to him by a  
dread-coated Sergeant-Major. "Eleven years  
ago you spoke to me about my soul in a  
Meeting you were conducting in the  
North," said the Sergeant-Major. "I  
was far from God, and I insulted you and  
drove you away from me. Now I have  
come to apologize, General, for my con-  
duct on that occasion!" The story of  
what had happened in the interim was  
well suggested by the Sergeant-Major's  
beaming countenance and his excellent  
reputation as a soul-winner. The General's  
forgiveness was easily obtained!

It will do your soul far more good  
to renounce your own sins than it will  
to renounce the sins of your neighbor.

## The Commissioner's Call for 1928

*I am one of them that are faithful in Israel.—2 Samuel, 20:19*

It is a curious thing that according to Cruden the word "loyal" is not a Bible expression; evidently it is a later day addition to the English language. But there is an old-time, equivalent which, perhaps, conveys its meaning equally well—"faithful". And old Alexander Cruden directed my attention this morning to that good word, and to the saying with which we start off.

It was a "wise woman" talking; she was taking to task Joab, the King's General, and as some authority for her rebuke and counsel, she reminded him that "she was one of those that are faithful." Faithful and loyal; loyal and faithful; ring them about as you will they chime out sweetly and bravely. Let us listen for a few moments to their music and message.

The old wise woman was *faithful to herself*. Loyal to herself if you like so to put it. She had a place and influence in her special circumstances, and she did not scruple to "say the word," so that she might maintain her reputation.

My Comrades of The Army. We have a reputation to hold; and influence for God and righteousness to maintain; and shall we forbear to say the word that is required? Not to say it in a manner as will set folks' backs up; (the old woman said also she was "peaceable"); but to say it so that at least we can assure ourselves that we have delivered "the whole counsel of God."

Furthermore—it was a time of war, unrest, distress, and perplexity. Now it was just here that the woman's faithfulness became wisdom, as does always faithfulness to high principles. Her wisdom showed itself in saying the faithful word that would bring about the cessation of strife, and peace instead of storm. Read the story for yourself, and you will see that she was *loyal to the people entrusted to her care*.

And then she was concerned about "the inheritance of the Lord," and her faithfulness—her loyalty we would say—made her do and say that which would preserve those interests, and yet at the same time extend her Master's domain. So in her faithfulness she said again and did again that which accomplished her purpose and kept her trust for God. Do you see my point?

These are unpolished thoughts; I set them down just as they come, but cannot we learn—you and I—something once more from an old-time tale, and fix it into our Army life, and our personal practice?

1—Loyal to ourselves, and to the position to which we have been called as "workers together with Him."  
2—Loyal to those who have been entrusted to our care; whether they be our families, our comrades, our Corps—or The Army itself.  
3—And loyal to God; doing nothing saying nothing but for His glory and for the extension of His "inheritance"—His Kingdom.

So shall it be said of us for 1928—and for all the years until we stand before the Throne of the Faithful One—"those that are faithful." My Comrades, think on these things!

## Mrs. Commr. Rich with Col. and Mrs. Miller

(League of Mercy Visitation at Grace Hospital)

It was quite fitting that Grace Hospital should be the scene of the opening number of the League of Mercy Christmas festivities in Winnipeg. The nice program and lunch provided made a very pleasant evening for the "Home Side" on Tuesday, December 27th.

Although Christmas Day was past, even at the Hospital entrance one was greeted by a very Christ-mas-y atmosphere created by the two brightly lighted and decorated trees at the top of each of which sat a nice doll in nurse's uniform holding a pretty baby doll. Up in the big room where the program was rendered there were three more beautifully decorated trees.

Brigadier Park led the opening song, called upon Mrs. Staff-Captain

Steele to pray, and then turned the program over to Mrs. Commissioner Rich, who was the Chairman for the evening. Our old friend, Envoy Mrs. MacKenzie gave a Scripture reading and solos were rendered by Mrs. Staff-Captain Clarke, Mrs. Matthews, and Little, Grace Giddings. Mrs. Mitchell's recitation, a part of Dickens's "Christmas Carol" was much enjoyed, as were also the recitations by Guard Verna Walker; three little girls did splendidly in the lambourine drill which was very prettily rendered.

Much good wishes for success and happiness in the coming new year were extended in short talks given by Mrs. Commissioner Rich and Colonel and Mrs. Miller. Mrs. Rich also thanked the League of Mercy members for their kind efforts at all times.

## THE GENERAL

Conducts a Vigorous Attack at the  
United Hosiery Meeting in a Crowded  
Congress Hall, Clapton—33  
Socks Registered

THOSE who were privileged to be present at the United Hosiery Meeting in the Clapton Congress Hall, on Thursday evening, say the London "War Cry" of Dec. 10th, witnessed a struggle which deserves to be considered historic; this by reason of its heartening significance.

Soon after six o'clock the people commenced to assemble in queue formation in the Linscott Road, for an experiment was being made in the time for commencing the Meeting. Seven-thirty might seem an early hour for such a gathering, seeing that many thousands of London's working multitudes would be on their way home from their work-places in the City at this time. Tired many of them were, some almost worn to exhaustion. Of all classes they came, and a splendid crowd they made as they looked out upon their uplifted faces as the Meeting-hour drew nigh.

A sprinkling of veterans of a thousand Salvation battles could be picked out here and there, there were aged people with little knowledge of spiritual life; there were some who have never struck a blow for righteousness. Many were young people who fight every day for God and right; but there were also some whose lives would indicate that they care little for the things of God. The Holiness standards of The Army always have a powerful attraction for the unsaved.

### A Ready Reception

A buzz of conversation filled the historic building when, at seven twenty-five, a sudden outburst caused all eyes to be centred on the little man who stepped under the clock, and there we saw the General. Stepping out briskly along the top pathway, he descended the stairway to the platform, where he was seen acknowledging the reception which the people so readily gave him. It was a matter of moments only ere there sounded forth from the crowd that impressive prayer-song which begins:

Jesus, we look to Thee.  
Thy promised presence claim.

Later on in the evening, quietly, without any of the ostentatious and the considerable commotion—almost tie-up at one end of the building—while some sick people were being removed, the General left the platform, speaking all the time, and walked for a while before the Penitent-Form, emphasizing his point as he said, "if nothing untoward was happening." Then he stood upon a seat in the midst of the gathering and there utilized a song-sheet as if it were an artist's canvas, to draw pictures in demonstration of the power of God.

### The Slippery Slope of Sin

"Somebody here may be going downhill," said the General "he may be on the slippery slope of sin, yet something within him says, 'I am born in the image of God,' and that something within which belongs to Him answers to His call. Take courage; awake your hopes; answer Him. God will show His power in you," he cried. "If you will come to Him that He may do in you that which you cannot do for yourself." The veterans nodded with deep assurance—they knew. The young people leaned forward, some with eyes swelling wide with awe at the possibility of the mighty power of God being manifested within their hearts and dominating their lives.

"Now then," said the General, "who will say, 'Very well, Lord, come and show it in me, and to the people around me say it and glorify!'"

"Who will come?" The first answered quickly, a young woman who knelt in prayer at the Mercy-Seat. The second was a young man who had been standing in the crowd unable to find seats at the top of the vast auditorium and so the Prayer-Meeting in which there were fifty-three surrenders, continued for more than one hour.

And the significance of the occasion? It could not be better expressed than in the words of the familiar Army chorus: I am sure we shall win,  
If we fight in the strength of the King.

# New Things for the New Year

—:— By THE GENERAL —:—

"And He that sat upon the Throne said, Behold, I make all things new."—Revelation xxi. 5.

THERE have been many meanings given to these wonderful words—words amongst the most remarkable to be found in the Bible. Some learned men have thought they refer only to the world to come. Others have found in them a rich promise for this world. To some students they have conveyed a strictly spiritual message relating only to the "All Things" of the soul and spirit; while again others have interpreted them as a promise for material and earthly things also.

I am not, however, concerned to-day about these differing views. My thoughts are elsewhere. I am deeply convinced that whatever questions may be raised as to the intention of that wonderful "All Things," there are some things which, without doubt or question, God will make new for every one of us if we ask Him. These are the new things I want for this New Year—1928.

I am sure that God will make a New Heart for every one who asks Him. That is the very thing most people really need. New desires, new resolutions, new hopes, new plans, even new prayers, they need, but are useless to alter a guilty sinner's life, or free him from his sin, or give him a hope of Heaven, unless he first can get a New Heart. God alone can make it or give it, but He will do it for every one who truly seeks. And when He has given it, He will come and live in it and bring Heaven down to earth.

"I cannot doubt that some have striven Achieving calm, to whom was given The joy that mixes man with Heaven." I am sure that He will make New Gladness in 1928. Real joy—joy that is of His special kind—cannot be found anywhere else. It is His own patent! It brings not only gladness, but strength and victory. It is like healing by the greatest of all physicians—it is like the most exquisite scenery by the greatest of all artists—it is like music by the greatest of all musicians. There is no stint in His



giving. My joy, He says, shall be in you a well of water springing up to everlasting life—and your joy shall be full—really full!

I am sure He will make New Compassion in the New Year. This is another of His own particular manufactures. It can be found nowhere else, and it has some wonderful qualities. It is a compassion which can see as well as feel—and does see. It can and does talk as well as see and feel. It is not confined to a few of our special friends or relations, or to our own nation or race. It flows out on the multitude. It is a big thing—a really big thing—a world-wide sympathy! But big as it is it condescends to each of us.

"Mercy He doth for thousands keep, Yet goes the one lost sheep to seek, And bring the wandering lambs."

I am sure He will make New Testimonies—living Witnesses—for 1928. We shall, of course need to hear about 1927 and 1928 and the former glorious years of our pilgrimage, and about what He did in them. But we must go beyond all that in the New Year. We must have new things for 1928—New Witnesses to being

"new creatures in Christ Jesus"; new Songs and Singers who will declare that His mercies are new every morning; new lovers of the Heavenly Lamb who will declare before Heaven and earth that He has written upon them His new Name of Love and that they live it out day by day before a Godless world.

I am sure He will make New Patience and Endurance for 1928. What a world of trials and disappointments this is for many of us! What bits of happiness we catch sight of, or maybe lay hold of, only to lose again! What hopes of better times, or better friends, or better circumstances spring up—only to die down in tears and heartache! What a fight we have to keep saved at all! Well, the Lord knows all about it! He made the heart and understands it. He knows how famished some lives are for want of a little love; how hungry, how thirsty they can be; how great is the need for them of patience and fidelity and enduring grace. Yes, He knows—I am sure He does—and I am sure we will make these very things for us and give us enough to keep the weakest going. He will make

and give all that the most suffering, the most sorrowful, and the most lonely need to hold them up and keep them firm to the end—the very end.

I am sure that He who maketh all things new, will make New Love for the New Year. The old loves are often very precious, but they need to be often restored. The Officers feel this—their first love for souls—even their first love for God—needs to be renewed—made anew—for every changing place and new appointment. The Local Officers feel it. Some remember with great joy the love of former days, but it will not serve for to-day—they know quite well that they need a new love. The Soldiers also feel it. I would not belittle the early love. I was a great lover myself, even when only a lad. I began as a boy and went on as a young man, and still loved as the years flew past, and, thank God, still I love! But my experience has been that I needed all the time to re-inflame my love; to find, in fact, New Love for the New Days—love for God, for my Saviour; love for the backsliders in their wanderings, love for the sinners in their sins.

And, Hallelujah! He makes New Love. Nobody can do that like Him. He has a sweet secret for its manufacture which none can know but He. He discovered it before we needed it—He revealed it on His Cross.

It is there, when we meet Him there, that we find Him ready with these and many other precious things—New Things made on purpose to supply our need.

Oh, do come to Him, dear Comrade or Friend, and ask Him to set up one of His glorious Storehouses of Love in your soul!

*Manuel Booth*

Good news for the Officers and Comrades of the Coast, etc. (Who is in the "etc." cannot say, but we guess they will be hearing about it.) The Vancouver Congress dates are set for January 20th to 24th; fuller details next week. Watch page 12.

We are glad to have the Commissioner and the Chief Secretary back at Territorial Headquarters; it's nice to have them around. As usual full up with many affairs, but always ready with a genial "How do you do?"

A faithful Veteran Comrade has gone to her reward—Sister Mrs. Roskelley of Victoria; mother of Captain Gwen Roskelley, and mother of a number of other. We sympathise with all affected by this removal, yet rejoice for another with "the Company around the Throne."

Our comradely sympathy is also extended to Commandant Horwood, of the Catherine Home, Winnipeg, in the loss of her sister, Mrs. King, of London, Ont. Another faithful warrior added to the ranks in the skies.

Ensign James Harrington is making slow progress; he is still in Hospital, but hopes to be around again shortly. He has had a rough passage, but he can sing that:

"Still He does His help afford,  
And hides our life above."

If you will read the "Young Soldier", if, that is, you will certainly have a treat with "Mart the Mill-girl," the new serial. The life story of an Army heroine who influenced hundreds of men and women to Jesus.



A little time since one of our Officers was selling "War Cry" on the train. He had scarcely completed his tour of the car before he was seized hold by one of his customers, and told the present name and address of a man advertised for in the "We are looking for your column. One of these days we promise ourselves an article on the romance of that column—when we can get Lt.-Col. Dickerson in a suitable frame of mind, that is."

Hearty congratulations this time. To Captain and Mrs. Chapman, of North Battleford on the happy arrival of a young son at their quarters.

Colonel Suttor, the Chief Secretary in Australia, East; says "your 'War Cry' is of surpassing interest." He is quite right, and we return the compliment in respect to the "Cry" of his own Territory. In fact, we wonder if ever there is a "Cry" published anywhere that does not give us some cause to praise God for His goodness to The Army. That reminds us—congratulations to Major George Carter of Johannesburg, on the South African Christmas "Cry."

If you want a stir-up, you veterans, read "G.A.'s" report on recent arrangements at Vancouver Citadel. If similar events are happening at your Corps well, give the Corps Correspondent a nudge, or else write us for yourselves.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Harry Dray are grateful to all who keep them in remembrance. Inaction is not easy to these two Comrades, but "they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

The Chief Secretary has received a letter from Captain Sullivan, in which he says that he and Mrs. Sullivan were due to sail from London for South Africa on December 16th. The Captain speaks very appreciatively of their interviews with Mrs. General Booth and Commissioner Mapp, and also says they are full of faith for their new sphere of labor.

Captain Meeres is one of those about whom we have thought this Christmas-time. She is gradually recuperating at Cowd, Alta., and is grateful always for the prayers and remembrances of her Comrades.

What we sing in the West to-day they sing down East to-morrow—see the latest Toronto "Cry." It is still true "We are singing our way around the world." Good old Army.

Corps Cadet J. Kimber—whom we like because he is a regular Corps Correspondent—sold 830 Christmas "Crys." How's that for other Corps Cadets? Has he won the Soldier's prize? I wonder.

Our issue for January 21st will be another Special Number; this time "Our Army Women." The ninety-ninth anniversary of The Army Mother's Birthday falls on January 17th and thus we shall celebrate it.

My story this week is about Mr. Moody, the great preacher, of whom it is said that, one one occasion he took for himself the story of Blind Bartimeus, and described in graphic words the blind man's joy at receiving his sight, and thus concluded his address: "Then Bartimeus, when he found he would see all right, wrapped his coat round him, and set off for his home, running and skipping with joy. But on his way he met a friend, who stopped him, saying, 'What, is it possible—can it really be Blind Bartimeus?' And Bartimeus answered, 'Yes, yes, my dear fellow, it is Bartimeus, but please don't stop me now. I'm hurrying home to see what my wife is like!'" Mr. Moody was using his imagination a little, but I don't think it was running away with him. I can picture Bartimeus speeding home with just that purpose in his mind.

## Dedication Days in Alaska

New Blessings, New Comrades, and a New Citadel at Juneau

By Capt. C. Olin Edwards

It is a great event when the natives of southeast Alaska meet for Congress or Conventions. These gatherings are important, as they help much to promote the social and religious interests of the people. Before the Gospel of Jesus Christ was preached in Alaska there existed much strife and jealousy and at times even breaking out in tribal wars, but the love of God is having a powerful effect in bringing the native people together. Not only is this so among Salween but the other religious groups as well. It is also a pleasure to state that these separate groups are uniting in an attempt to solve their national problems and they are making considerable headway therewith.

Two years ago Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Rich conducted a Congress here that will not easily be forgotten. The impression made upon the minds and hearts of the people has had a marked effect in increasing their confidence in The Army. Last year we met again in Hoonah under the direction of Colonel and Mrs. Miller. This was another stepping stone on the road to better and higher things.

### Remarkable Meetings

This year we meet again in Juneau, not exactly for a Congress, but for a special time of blessing in connection with the dedication of the new Hall. Lt.-Colonel McLean, who is much loved by the native people as well as by others, found a warm welcome awaiting him and we had a remarkable series of Meetings.

The Colonel was ably supported by our Divisional Officers, Major and Mrs. Carruthers, also Lieutenant Wardle of Petersburg, and Comrades of Yakutat, Petersburg, Haines, Wrangell and Douglas were in attendance. Many others started out but on account of rough weather, were unable to arrive in time. One boat was wrecked and though no lives were lost, the much looked for Meetings were denied for those voyagers. The Comrades who did have the privilege to attend will not forget the bright, happy spirit that prevailed throughout the sessions. The Colonel's style is well suited to this particular work and we are sure much good was accomplished.

The first thing of importance was, of course, the official opening of the new Building and its dedication. Local and visiting Comrades marched through the town and back to the Hall, which our visitors declared to be the finest in Alaska. At the Meeting which followed, Mayor Thomas Judson; H. I. Lucas, President of the City Chamber of Commerce; and other citizens were in attendance. The Mayor and Mr. Lucas spoke well of the Army among the native people, and highly commended us on having a place in which to hold our Meetings. Rev. R. A. Gailey also gave a brief address.

### Thankfulness to all

Captain Edwards in the course of a speech, expressed his thankfulness to all who had assisted in the building of the Hall. Special mention was made of the Comrades who, under the direction of Envoy Jackson, erected the Hall last winter, and to our good friend Mr. Bailey who helped the Captain so delightfully with the painting and finishing work during the past summer. The exceptional organizing ability of Major Carruthers in putting the campaign over last summer was also remembered. The Hall is now finished and paid for. We did indeed rejoice together.

Other Meetings followed, interest increased and souls were blessed and saved. Reconsecrations and broken vows renewed. About forty seekers were registered.

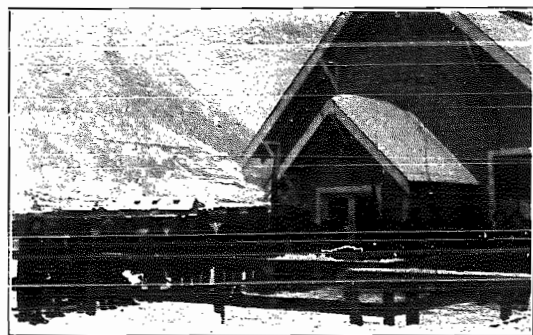
On the Sunday afternoon of the Campaign, a letter was read from Commissioner Rich; this received hearty applause and a request of all present was made to reply to this kind remembrance of our Commissioner.

Outside of the regular Meetings there were other events to engage our attention. Colonel McLean, Major Carruthers, and

Captain Edwards were guests of the Juneau Chamber of Commerce. Here our visitor spoke to a large group of business and professional men. On Saturday afternoon a native wedding supper and more speeches, and then on Sunday morning in the Federal Jail with about thirty who listened to his message. There were special Meetings every afternoon, so the days were indeed full.

### "Miracles, Past and Present"

The closing Meeting on Monday night was finely attended, Colonel McLean giving his wonderful lecture, "Miracles, past and present." This to our mind was the most impressive event of the entire series. People were moved, hearts were stirred as the Colonel related the instances of God's power made manifest in the lives of men. Dean Rice of the Episcopal Church and Rev. R. A. Gailey of the Methodist Church both testified to the great power of God in their lives and their faith in God's power to heal and to save to the uttermost; we were greatly encouraged by our Comrades' stirring utterances.



The New Hall at Juneau, Alaska

At a Meeting held in Douglas on another night, four consecrations were made and a blessed time was had by all. Mrs. Davis who is in charge of the native school spoke highly of The Army work. We returned to Juneau and the Ferry landed us just in time to board the S.S. "Alameda" bound for Ketchikan for the Colonel's final Meetings before leaving Alaska, but about these, something else later on.

### And One Gave Thanks!

Winnipeg.  
Dec. 27th 1927

Dear Sister in Christ:

How can I ever thank you for your kindness to me? My heart is deeply touched. The Lord surely supplied all my need. The Twenty-third Psalm has been fulfilled to the letter in my case. May the Lord bless each of those kind people who sent in the five dollars. The stockings were lovely, and my size too; and the hamper—words fail me, for all the goodness shown to me, a humble child of God. I said, "Oh, Lord, I am not worthy of all this manifestation of Thy love to me, a sinner saved by grace."

Oh, how grateful I am that I did not murmur or complain at my lot. (Do you remember, I would not tell you what I needed, because I thought that I would offend my Lord?) For He knoweth the things I had need of, and I knew He would give them to me, if it was for my good, without me complaining, and I was determined that if He did not send them I would, like Paul, do without rather than complain, and in trusting and keeping quiet He would supply my every need, and praise His name. He has done so. Isn't it lovely to trust in God, and leave it all with Him. He surely is a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless.

From one of your very grateful ones.

## At Close Quarters with the Enemy

Being some extracts from "Home Dispatches" concerning the Great Siege of Britain, received from our Special Correspondents at the International Training Garrison

### Canterbury, Kent.

#### A Place of Sinners and Backsliders

A quiet old cathedral city—mother town of the Church of England, having her outposts as wide flung as those of our own great Army—even more so, but also a place of sinners, drunkards, backsliders and the like.

Do you remember our own enthusiastic celebrations of our Dominion Jubilee; how we revelled in it all? If you ask me for a comparison, here it is. The manner in which The Army in Great Britain responded to the Great Siege call. Our convictions were deepened during our Nights of Consecration and Prayer, and we entered the fight with the sure consciousness that though the enemy was mighty, our God was mightier yet.

In the Meetings in this old time town; in its narrow winding lanes and streets—brim full of history—in the homes of the people, we have seen the power of God manifested, and numbers of sinners and backsliders have come home.

Mightily encouraging to the Canadian

our lives here during the Siege. Ten of us and a Sergeant here.

On the first Saturday night, a drunkard's raid and four seekers after a road. On the first Sunday, after a stiff fight, finished with eleven forward. And all through the week we were bombarding the town, shouting our Siege "Cry."

"Salvation from sin, Jesus the Saviour." On the Saturday night four seekers after the Cross; and a decided danger to the drumhead; and a decided danger to the Crump for the weekend Meeting finishing up the day with twenty-six at the Mercy-Seat. Several of these quite new to The Army, and needing to be brought into entirely the way of Salvation. One hundred and ten souls for the Campaign—Glory be to God. Now then, Canada, come along, it's your turn now. Get the Siege spirit, and nothing shall stand before you—Cadet Henry J. ter Telgte, out of Macleod, Alta.

### Abertillery, South Wales.

#### Kippers and Salvation for Nothing.

A mining town, nestling down amongst the beautiful hills of Mommouthshire; this was the scene of our Siege attack. God is indeed needed here. Owing to trade depression only a few of the pits are working and poverty is rife. Many blame God for their condition, while others have ceased to believe in Him at all. All this made our attack difficult, but blessed be God; He gave us the victory.

One of the young employed miners, a Communist, I believe, was converted by the Spirit; he was persuaded to the Penitent-Form, but refused to bow the knee; there he stood arrogant and proud; in ragged clothes, dirty and unshaven. But in the end the power of God prevailed, and he knelt and cried for forgiveness. A few days later I visited him in his home. He had been in the habit of ill-treating his mother, but now she testified to the wonderful change. His very appearance was altered.

In another Meeting I felt constrained to speak to a man, whom I had not seen until a recent evening, and who was in the Meeting. He absolutely refused to answer my questioning, but at last, with a sudden movement, he made his way to the Mercy-Seat—and twelve others that same night also.

Our Open-Air tactics created interest, not only a constant stream, but on occasion I was the unfortunate one to be bound and fettered and led around the town, and afterwards the fortunate one to demonstrate the letter-breaking power of the Lord Jesus. In another street Meeting I was trying to demonstrate the fact that Salvation was not to be had by near-by fish shop and bought some kippers, which I offered all in vain to the men of the audience; no takers, even when I went in amongst the crowd and offered them. One old chap did at last ask, "How much?" and took them when I said, "they were free." The lesson went home—but it took some doing.

God was gracious to us with the forty-three who were seen at the Front, but it's hard fighting these days down in the Welsh Valleys—Ireland, Communism, and the Devil hold us close together. But God can help us when we are desperate for souls—never mind our feelings. It is worth it all. May God bless you all in Canada West. How are you fighting out there?—Cadet Herbert Rich—out of Fort Rouge, Winnipeg.

### Conquered the Pipe!

"Take your old pipe, then, and kill yourself with it!"

Thus said a distracted wife to her husband, who was a slave to tobacco. The doctor had warned him that he was placing himself in great danger by continuing to smoke so much. Besides, the man who smoked was now a

But one Sunday night, while listening to the General in a great theatre Meeting, he realized that God could help him and kneeling at the Cross, he claimed his life from his habit. The man is now a Soldier, and continually praises God for the uttermost Salvation he has found.

### Blackpool, Lancs.

#### One Hundred and Ten Penitents

Say, this must be some place in the summer. The Marine Parade, the sands, the piers—almost reminds one of Sandy Hook on Lake Winnipeg, only there's more of it. But we've had the time of



# OUR BANDSMEN AND SONGSTERS

## "MEET MY FRIEND"

By the Editor



### Occasional Talks

#### Kept and Used by the Master

I NATURALLY IMAGINE that all the readers of this particular page of "The War Cry" are familiar with the fact that violins can only be preserved at their best when they are continually used. Paganini's violin, bequeathed to his native city, and there enshrined in a glass case, is perishing for lack of use.

A young Italian had been entertaining a company by playing a violin. A great Russian violinist present asked to see the instrument, and after testing it for a few minutes, said: "This is a very old instrument; probably a hundred years old." "Then," said another member of the company, "I suppose it must be a very valuable instrument, for we are told that the longer a violin is played upon the better it becomes." "Ah, my friend," said the Russian, "that all depends upon the kind of music that has been played upon it. The tone of this violin indicates that it has deteriorated in value in consequence of its having been compelled to discontinue music of an inferior quality."

#### Atonement Means Attunement

Now, do you not at once see the moral of this exquisite little story? It is only the Master's hand that can get the best out of us, and keep us at our best. Some of my friends are greatly enamoured of the book, "The Christ of the Indian Road"; the writer there tells us that a Hindu said to him one day: "Don't you think atonement would mean attunement?" He felt that his life was like sweet bells jangled out of tune, and that atonement would bring attunement to the nature of God—music instead of discord.

#### Arrested by a Song

An Open-Air Meeting was going with a swing. A great crowd of mixed nationalities had gathered round to listen, but one felt himself in need of a Saviour.

"Cap'n, sing that verse again!" said he, a seafaring man, while big tears coursed down his storm-hardened cheeks. With tender feeling the Comrades repeated the familiar words:

"I need Thy presence every passing hour;  
What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's power?  
Who like Thyself my Guide and Stay  
Can be?"

Through cloud and sunshine, Oh, abide with me!"

On the conclusion of the singing the man stepped forward, and placing half a crown in the hand of the Officer, said to the intensely interested crowd:

"That song has touched my heart. My dear mother used to sing it to me when I was a boy. I was bent on evil tonight, but that song has upset my plans. I will be a better man in the future. Thank God for The Army!"

He left the ring and made his way back to the ship, his heart filled with desire and determination to live a new life by the power of God.

I SAW by the proudly happy manner in which he introduced me to his friend which was more than delighted that anybody else should share in that acquaintance. "Meet my friend," said he; and there was an emphasis on every single word which was difficult to distinguish, but if any of that invitation stood out above the others, it was the word "Friend."

And he was a friend, too. I could tell that the moment I looked at him. I did not wonder in the least that my old acquaintance should seek to enlarge a mutual companionship. In a moment I experienced a drawing to the new friend which was magnetic in its potency, and scarcely waiting for the firm, cool, hand-clasp with which we sealed the introduction, I knew I had met one whom I could be proud to know.

There was a welcoming smile as he looked at me—more than a glint of courteous pleasure. It was as though

and He is this day the chief among ten thousand to my soul and altogether lovely.

Never, never until my dying day—no, and not then—shall I forget the smile He gave me when first I drew near to Him. In my sin I was. So unkempt in my soul; so rude in my spirit; so rough in my approach, and so indifferent to His presence. But His smile caught my sullen glance, and the whole moment was changed. Welcoming beyond words and tender beyond thought it was. And the pity of it was that I did not appreciate or understand it at first, and turned away. But I could not resist coming again, and then:

"A second look He gave which said,

I freely all forgive;

My Blood was for thy ransom paid,

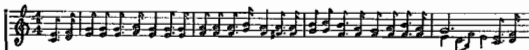
I died that thou mightest live."

I have loved Him from that very hour, and shall do so while the ages of eternity roll. Oh, meet my Friend.

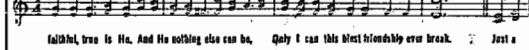
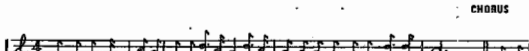
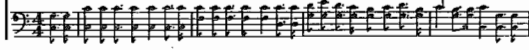
## MY FRIEND JESUS

Arranged by ADJ. B. Coles.

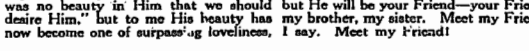
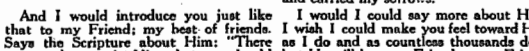
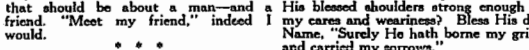
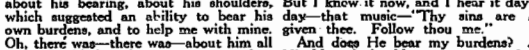
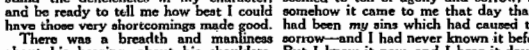
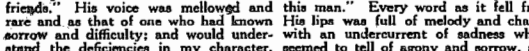
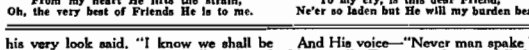
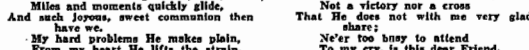
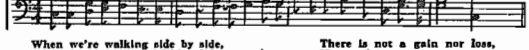
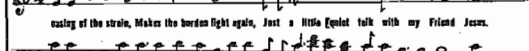
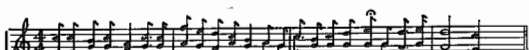
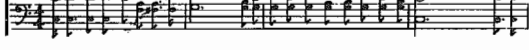
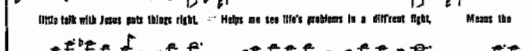
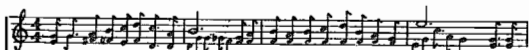
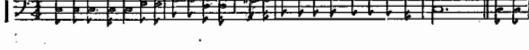
Words and Air by "J."



I would tell you of my friend, Who would love you to the end, Will you not His sweet acquaintance quickly make? Ever



faithful, true to Him, And He nothing else can be, Only I can this blessed friendship ever break. Just a



## The First Corps Band of The Army

By Lt.-Commissioner Unsworth

IT WAS in the Christmas period of the year 1878 that the Brass Band of The Salvation Army Corps at Consett, in the county of Durham, was formed. The Corps was opened in the Fall of that year; its pioneering Officers are living today—Mrs. Colonel Kyle and Mrs. Harry Davis, widow of the late Brother Harry Davis of song-writing fame.

Alone and almost friendless, these two devoted Comrades stood in the streets, singing the old revival songs and declaring to the crowd of rough ironworkers and colliers who pushed around, the message of God's great love and mercy. Uniform had not been introduced in those early days, and the Salvationists were clad in plain black dresses, with bonnets and long-falls, something after the style of the Mission Sisters of the present day. They walked through the streets alone after their services were finished, and their isolation created an atmosphere of curious awe.

#### Youthful Chagrin

The building in which they held their Meetings had been used previously as a theatre and music hall, and being the only place of amusement in the town it was well patronized. Then along came The Army, and it was turned into a Meeting Hall, much to the chagrin of the youths of the place, who were thus deprived of their one and only place of entertainment. They soon, however, began to make their way to their old-fashioned hall, which was being run under such strange auspices! Night after night it was packed, and a great revival broke out among the young and old.

Amongst the new Converts were not a few who had belonged to the local brass band. They began to bring their instruments to the Open-Air to assist the singing, although winter was coming on—and winter is winter on the hill where Consett stands! A big drum was found and a drummer whose ideas of drumming were more in the direction of musical exercise than a symphonious blending of sound.

#### Still in the Old Corps

Some of the men who formed the nucleus of this embryonic musical combination are still with The Army and members of the Band. Dear Major James Simpson played, if I remember rightly, the circular bass, and Counsellor Sam Carruthers, Brother George Story and John Greenwood are still to be found at the old Corps. When the Band became stronger it took to the Open-Air on Sunday mornings. Sometimes knee-deep in snow, these devoted men would lead the procession into the wet streets, and their playing would induce the people to listen to the truth. As a consequence many, to my own knowledge, were converted. It was no uncommon thing for the Sisters to be called into the houses of the people in order that they might lead a poor sin-stricken penitent into the way of pardon and peace.

I doubt if there was ever a happier lot of Bandsmen than these great-hearted fellows who, with the freshness of their new-found love and experience, sought to bring to others, by way of their music, something of the joy of which they had themselves suddenly become possessed. They fought well for, and ultimately gained, the proud position of being the pioneer Brass Band of The Salvation Army.

(Next week—"The First Staff Band")

You cannot have much interest in Heaven when your principal is all on earth.

Life has the greatest circumference when it centres in Christ.

Much noise about religion may indicate the confusion consequent on the lack of it.

his very look said, "I know we shall be friends." His voice was mellowed and rare and as that of one who had known sorrow and difficulty; and would understand the deficiencies in my character, and be ready to tell me how best I could have those very shortcomings made good.

There was a breadth and manliness about his bearing, about his shoulders, which suggested an ability to bear his own burdens, and to help me with mine. Oh, there was—there was—about him all that should be about a man—and a friend. "Meet my friend," indeed I would.

And I would introduce you just like that to my Friend; my best of friends. Says the Scripture about Him: "There was no beauty in Him that we should desire Him," but to Me His beauty has now become one of surpassing loveliness.

And His voice—"Never man spake like this man." I very soon found as it fell from His lips was full of melody and charm.

With an undercurrent of sadness which seemed to tell of agony and sorrow, and somehow it came to me that day that it had been my sins which had caused that sorrow—and I had never known it before. But I knew it now, and I bear it day by day—that music—"Thy sins are forgiven thee. Follow thou me."

And does He bear my burdens? Are His blessed shoulders strong enough for my cares and weariness? Bless His dear Name, "Surely He hath borne my griefs, and carried my sorrow."

I would I could say more about Him; I wish I could make you feel toward Him as I do and as countless thousands do—but He will be your Friend—your Friend, my brother, my sister. Meet my Friend, I say. Meet my Friend!



# THE CORPS A.

Being the Epistles of Hephzibah

A story of Western Canada



# CRUY



## Start the Story here:

Hephzibah Nott, otherwise Effie—the writer of these epistles to her home folks—is a school teacher who has taken up duty at a small country school. She finds herself in a circle of Salvationism, and at first was not altogether sure that she enjoyed the experience, but in her last letter she tells her parents of her first Army Meeting and how it resulted in her own conversion. We Mary Kirk is one of her scholars who has met with an accident. Pa and Ma Crompton are her host and hostess. Hector is the young son of the family—bonds the youthful daughter, and Gus is an Army immigrant farm boy.

## CHAPTER VIII

Effie Tells Her Mother and Father  
"All About It"

"The Dell,"

La Prairie,

Oct. 2nd.

Dearest Folks:

Another week has rolled by since I wrote my long letter of last Saturday. I find it is better for me to keep this day in mind for my notes to you, although most of my hours are filled up. When first I came here I imagined I should have ever so much time on my hands, but I am happily (or woefully—which is it?) disappointed.

Just imagine, dearest ones, that tomorrow I celebrate my first two weeks of loving the Lord! It scarcely seems possible. I have not yet heard from you, of course, and am wondering what you will have to say when you do write. I cannot help but pray, and oh, I do pray, that you will both be pleased. Don't mind please, because it is The Army. Why should you?

## Not Much Joy Yet

Do you know I had an idea that this new life of mine would be so full of joy. I've heard Christian people talk about the "joy of serving the Lord" but I've not experienced much of it yet. I only know that my sins are forgiven. But I've much to tell you.

I could not help feeling shy on my return home on Sunday week. Both the Captain and Lieutenant were obviously delighted about my "coming forward," and as soon as the Meeting was over they kissed me in such sisterly fashion. Do you remember the old lady I mentioned—Mrs. McLachlan? She came to me also after the Meeting, and put her old, old hand on my shoulder, and peered out of the depths of her bonnet right into my eyes, and said—and said it so fervently—"Eh, lassie, the dear Lord is calling you to a great service." I wish I could set it down in her broad Scots.

At last I managed to get away, with Breckenridge on my arm, and hugging me, and whispering, "Dear Miss Nott, I am so happy."

Hector and Gus were waiting for us outside. Hector smiled and held out his hand and said, "God bless you. I'm glad," and Gus, who then was not in the know—he had left the Meeting early—objected in his best fashion, "And why this thushness?"

## Happy with Strange Thoughts

We drove home through the autumn twilight. No evening had ever seemed so beautiful; but none of us said much. I was quietly happy with strange thoughts in my mind, for I had been very much moved by the events of the evening; and by what old Mother McLachlan had said. I wonder why.

Arrived home, I went straight to my room and knelt down by the table in front of the window, with the moonlight streaming across the fields and into my room, and once again gave myself to God. I was very diffident about going downstairs, but I knew it was my first "taking up of the cross," and I did not hesitate.

Ma looked up as I entered the kitchen, and then with her face all aglow, but with tears in her eyes, came round to me, and said, "Bless you, my dear, I'm glad

you've done it. I knew you would," and then she burst into tears, and going back to her chair by the stove, she said, between her sobs, something that sounded like, "I wish she had done it; I wish she had."

Pa Crompton came in just then—and seemed immediately to sense the situation. He went over to his dear old wife, and patted her on the shoulder, and looked over at me, and said, "It's all right my girl. God bless and keep you. It's a good road you are taking."

On the Monday occurred the little incident with my Mary—I told you about it in my last letter. She has been getting better ever since, and today has gone back with her mother to the John's Farm. I believe Ma Crompton would have kept them altogether if she could have done so. It seems a quiet and strange house without them. There is one thing, Mrs. Kirk has had a good



"I suppose she'll want to be an Army Captain now?"

feed up, and in spite of her anxiety about her girl, she has had a few days of rest. One day we had Boy Harry over to see us, and he certainly kept things lively for us. He and Gus made a great pair.

It is the most curious thing how news travels around here. I suspect that the telephone has something to do with it. I was calling on the parents of one of my children the other evening, when the party line rang and it was quite a gleeful creature that "listened in" to a conversation which was really no concern of hers. But any excitement is better than none in some of these isolated homes. I'm careful what I say when I'm on one of those party phones.

It was evident that my scholars had heard of my Penitent-Form experience. "Skinny" Wilson could not forbear from his joke, "Say, teacher, will you play the drum now?" and then I knew the secret was out—just as well to get it over.

## Mosquitoes are Horrible

School goes along fairly easily these days; it is a bit too warm for much exertion, and one longs to get outdoors and have the classes out in the open, but the mosquitoes are horrible, although not so bad as they were.

Mr. Wilson has boomed his way into our midst once or twice, and one day to the huge delight of all, including myself, Mr. Dale called. He had been out on his motor truck, but I knew he had made a detour to take in our school-house, and asked after Mary; dug his humb into "Tubby" Wilson's fat ribs; and nearly reduced "Skinny" to tears by

asking him if he had entered "Old Joshua" for any more races.

He came up to my desk and said, "How's it going, sister? Don't mind if you do have a hard fight. It's the first days that are sometimes the hardest."

I've had a visit from the Captain and Lieutenant. They came especially to see me, although everybody at The Dell was delighted to see them, and made a sort of a moonlight holiday of it. Hector took them—and me—back to town in the auto, and that meant of course that we—he and I—came back by ourselves.

## Her Lachrymous Mother

Sunday last, I did not go to town. I was not feeling too well. I think I had caught a cold; but to the surprise of the rest of the household, I decided to stay in and keep we Mary company. My first act of self-denial. It did seem a shame that the dear little mother shouldn't

down to get the mail and, as usual for your letters come, I downed tools and sat me down to read and enjoy—my but you do write such long epistles.

Your first words set my heart dancing with joy. I'm glad you didn't keep it all to the end of the letter. "My baby Effie saved." I said again and again, and I wanted somebody to tell the news to. You know I'm not a poetic little woman, but it seemed, child, that the very kettle on the stove was singing in tune with my heart.

I was having a few days quiet after the busy days with the threshing gang—they've gone over to Tom Snell's place now—but I just basted around and tidied up, and got the tastiest of suppers ready for your Dad; surely it was all arranged that the man Tom should be gone back to town for the evening, so that we had the house to ourselves. It wasn't much of a supper we had after all. We were too full for words—and I'm glad to say, Effie, that your father and I knelt in prayer together. He is a good man is your Dad.

## Why Doesn't the Boy Write?

We sat and talked about you far into the evening and about Jack too. Oh, girls of mine, what wouldn't my old heart say if I could only get such news about him. You know Tom Snell, don't you? He was in Winnipeg a few days ago, and declares that he saw Jack, but couldn't get across the street quick enough to speak to him. He was, so he says, with some fellows that looked like harvesters. Why doesn't the boy write?

I must tell you this bit: Just before we turned out the lamp, and went up to bed your father was looking at your letter again, and what do you think he said? "I suppose the child will be wanting to be an Army Captain now."

There for you! What do you think of that? And fancy—you silly, silly child—you wondered what we should say. Don't wonder any more. Your Dad and I are just counting the days until we shall see you again. Whatever happens, you must try to get home for Christmas. I know it's a long way off as yet; but I don't suppose anything else will send you home, unless an epidemic breaks out.

We have been so interested in your news about little Mary Kirk, and are so glad she is getting better; do give our regards to her dear mother, and kiss the little one for me. Give our love—our love, mark you—to Mr. and Mrs. Crompton. We feel we know them so well. And of course heaps of love for you, you silly, dear child. You tell us, please.

Your affectionate mother,

C. Nott.

Next Week: "Was it Jack?"

## CHAPTER IX

The much desired letter from home.  
Effie's mother writes.

The Homestead,

Haventown,

Oct. 1st.

Our Dearest Child:

Now, did you really think that your father and I would be any other than pleased about your giving your heart to God. How could you doubt us so?

I've had a joyous time since your letter came—and yet I've been sad too. It came as such a shock to me that you could ever have doubted our gladness, but oh, darling baby mine, I've been on my knees more in prayer and thanksgiving these last few days than you seem to imagine.

Your father wasn't at home when your letter came. Tom, that's our new hired man—from the old country—had been

## In the West Indies

During the short time that has elapsed since the division of the old West Indies Territory took place, says Colonel Barr, we in the East Territory have rejoiced over the enrolment of 300 new Soldiers, the opening of three new Corps, the building and opening of a new Corps Hall at San Fernando, the acquiring and conversion of a much-needed and delightfully-situated Training Garrison in Port of Spain, and the commencement of Army activities in the Island of Curacao.

Men and women are being won for God, and we are greatly encouraged by a large number of drum-head conversions. Many of the converts are real trophies of grace, and some even have been accepted for Officer-

We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry" on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.



1746—Carl Christian Hansen. Born in Assens, Denmark, 1887; came to Canada as young man. During late war was Canadian soldier. No. 1048618, 10th Company Canadian Forestry Corps, Farneta inquiring.

(See photo)

Carl Christian Hansen

1639—Frank M. Jones. Age 47; height 5 ft. 5 in.; dark brown eyes; fair, clear complexion. Born at Walsall, England, and was an insurance agent. Relatives anxious.

1640—Ernest Alfred Hobart. Living on Logan Ave., Winnipeg, in March, 1927 and previously at Brandon. Wife anxious to locate.

1708—George James Payne. Age 36; height 5 ft. 3 in.; dark hair; dark eyes; sallow complexion; native of London. Came out to Canada with Dr. Bernardo party in 1900. Last known address Newell, Sask.

1709—Harry Twidley. Missing since July, 1921; 45 to 50 years of age; height 5 ft. 5 in.; dark hair; dark eyes; fresh complexion; occupation, shoemaker. For time was in B. C. Relatives enquiring.

1720—Ben Smith. Last known address, Edmonston Street, Winnipeg. Wife anxious to locate.

1725—Arne Andersen Brekke. Age 24; yellow hair; blue eyes; last heard from April 1927. Railway worker with C.N.R. Winnipeg. A friend is anxious.

1729—David John Stoddart. Missing since Christmas 1926; age 26; height 5 ft. 8 in.; grey-blue eyes; fair complexion, coal miner in Old Country; native of Wales.

1733—Valentin Flutech. Last heard from around Edmonton; relatives enquiring.

1752—Joyce D. C. McLane or Laine. Nickname Joek. Came to Canada this year; age 25½; height 5 ft. 11 in.; sandy hair; blue eyes; high colored complexion. Woodcutter by trade. News urgently wanted by friends in England. Communicate immediately.

1753—Ed Engelbrecht. Norwegian; age 42; height 5 ft. 11 in.; light complexion; blue eyes; straight figure. During war was in 97th Battalion at Winnipeg, in 1916. For a time was at Brandon, father loses for news.

1755—Karl Olaf Field Olsen. Age 18; tall; blonde hair; blue eyes; last heard from 1923. He is a soldier; thought to be sailing on the West Coast of U.S.A. Father wishes to get in touch.

1757—Henry Jones. Came to Canada 1929; farmer, of Welsh descent. Thought to be married. Quiet disposition; age 39; height 6 ft.; brown hair; dark eyes; pale complexion. Was two years in place called Wasaway.

1765—Allen Ireland. Age 27; height 6 ft.; dark hair; dark brown eyes; dark complexion. Parents anxious.

1766—Henry Boulton. Age 38; height 5 ft. 9 in.; brown hair; brown eyes; fresh complexion; farming. Was last heard of in Alberta.

1767—Alex. Hart. Age between 35 and 37. For a time was working at Camp 38, Nairn Centre, Ontario in 1921. Father anxiously enquiring.

1768—Victor Westfall Franz Siegel. Born in 1873 at Alligen, Sonat, West. Germany. In married and a merchant by profession. Last known address, Griesen, in 1912.

1770—Johan Karlson Hagen. Age 49, born at Trøgstad, Norway. Medium height; dark hair; blue eyes; last heard of at Quverd, Sask., via Kerrobert.

1771—Ole Blomnerud. Born 1885; medium height; fair hair; brown eyes. Last heard of in Winnipeg.

1772—Edward Kfjoren Fair. Age 21; tall; heavy set; was last heard of at Avonlea, Sask., and was going to Ontario.

1821—Edward Wadgo. Age 56; dark complexion; height 5 ft. 9 in.; during the war he went overseas with Calgary Battalion.

1802—Garfield Billeau, alias William Cole. French Canadian; age 19; height 5 ft. 7 in.; weight 140 lb.; dark hair; brown eyes; fair complexion; employee at hotels; missing 3 years; last heard of in Winnipeg.

1813—Konstantin Alekseejev. Born in Riga 1858. Up to year 1919 was a military officer in Russia; left that country in 1920; middle stature; blue eyes.

1817—Wm. Joseph Scott. Half breed; age 28, returned soldier. Should this meet the eye would Wm. J. Scott communicate with his wife Co Mrs. Geo. Hartley, Kamnack, Sask.

1818—Christmas Davies—otherwise known as Tommy Davies. Age 52; height 5 ft. 4 in.; light colored hair, grey eyes, light complexion, farmer, Welsh, native of Llanelli. Last heard from in Bradwardine, Manitoba.

COMING EVENTS

THE COMMISSIONER

With the Winnipeg Citadel Band—General Hospital—Thurs. Jan. 12

BRIGADIER B. TAYLOR LEAGUE OF MERCY  
(Field Secretary) APPOINTMENT

The Pas—Jan. 7-8; Melfort—Jan. 10; Prince Albert—Jan. 11  
Adjutant Davies— with Garrison  
Singing Party— King Edward  
Hospital—January 20.

HOME LEAGUE APPOINTMENTS

Winnipeg Citadel—Jan. 9 Logan Ave. W.  
Mrs. Colonel Stiller Mrs. Staff-Captain Clarke

The Vancouver Congress

January 20th - January 24th

The Commissioner and Mrs. Rich in command

Further announcements next week.

The Deliberations of Daniel Domore

and of Dorcas his Wife



Styremup Mansions, Suite A I

Dear Mr. Editor:  
I think the time for action has arrived. Christmas has come and gone, and now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party. That is a sentence I learned when our young Dinah was taking typing lessons.  
Speaking of Dinah, it reminds me that she is upset because of these letters. She says, couldn't I be content with being Band Sergeant and looking after the Hall, without taking on a job for the "War Cry". She thinks I ought not to do so much these days; that I ought to slack off. And then, Mr. Editor, she actually has the impudence to say that I am doing this work because I like being an Envoy. That's rich, that is, when she is doing her job because she likes being a Lieutenant. I don't want to get her into a row, especially my own flesh and blood, but I feel like reporting her to Brigadier Taylor for disrespect to her elders. Envoys indeed! If I'd come into The Army at her age I would be a Colonel by now.

Prairie Mountain, Dec. 18th, 1927

Hullo, Dad, Old Fellow:  
How's the Deliberations going? My word, you are somebody, and we're a great family—all in it now. Only wants Ma to become a Cadel, and then we sure should be all right. She would put those folks up at the new T.G. in their places. Say, wouldn't it just be if she was a Cadel?

She is quite right, though, about that picture of you in the "Cry"—you do spread yourself, Dad. Does everybody in the block have to "hush now" when you write your notes?

Please, Dad, tell the Editor I've done well with my Christmas "Cry's" and I'm putting in for the bonus, and I'm also raising my weekly order 25; just to level up for St. William; Jancy King letting you down, Dad. Well, God bless you Dad; my love to Ma and yourself. I've one other letter to write tonight—your name on it. We had a good day yesterday, the D.C. was with us. Next letter I write I'll tell you about his new sermon. I took down all the notes, but I shan't be able to use it unless I go out of the Division at the change. Here's love Dad.

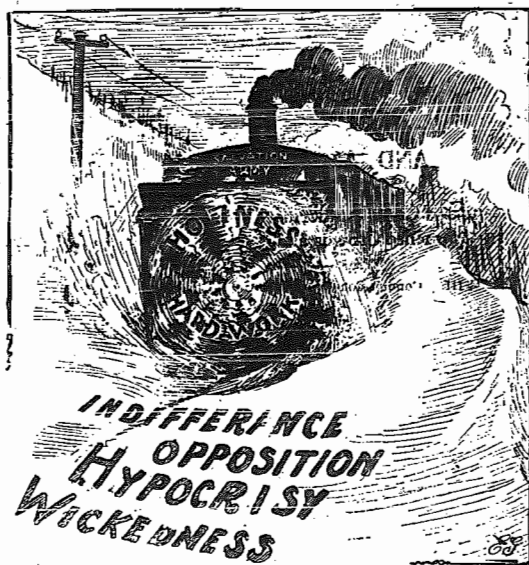
Your affectionate son  
Danny D. the Secar I.

Now Mr. Editor, that's a letter to warm a father's heart. He's some letter—that and just due for Ensign, too.

Cheers for the New Year, my friend; next week we begin our regular competitive items, and then between us we will make somebody sit up and take notice. I'm not in the writing mood tonight; it's too soon after Christmas, and our Dinah's letter had upset me. But after all, Mr. Editor, she isn't a bad sort of a girl, is she? You do know her, don't you?

I am, Mr. Editor,  
Your colleague in the Army,  
Daniel Domore, Envoy.

P.S.—Dorcas is out visiting tonight, and I'm sending this off before she gets a chance to alter it. —D.D. Dinah is her favorite—see!—D.D.



Make a clean sweep for the New Year

1819—Carl Arthur Vilhelm Emil Anderson. Born in Copenhagen 1854; is usually called Arthur Anderson; last heard of in B.C.; works at clearing of woods or with hunting. Father anxious.  
1825—Albert Shales. Age 54; height 5 ft. 10 in.; dark hair; blue grey eyes; swarthy complexion; native of Wolverhampton. Went to Canada from Bathgate, Scotland in 1913. Brother very anxious.

1827—Rourke Charles. Age 28; height 5 ft. 8 in.; dark hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Usually works as clerk in Hotels; relatives enquiring.

1828—Harrison Edward. Mrs. Wedderburn of Port Elizabeth, South Africa, inquiring. Anyone knowing this man's whereabouts kindly inform this office.

Great Territorial Crusade

FOR

Souls and Soldiers

THROUGHOUT THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY

Full Details in Next Week's "War Cry"